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No. 2.



FEBRUARY is upon us; a severe, unrelenting month, in which winter seems to reign, in these northern regions, with resistless sway. Far to the south, as in Georgia and Louisiana, the birds have chosen their mates and are building their nests; the peas in the gardens are in blossom; the strawberries are beginning to form, and the lilacs and roses are in bloom. But here, alas, the rivers are in icy fetters—the earth is wrapt in snow—and not a symptom of starting vegetation is seen over the whole face of nature.

It may seem strange that February should be the coldest month in the year—yet so it is. In December we have the shortest days; then the nights are longest, and the sun bestows upon us

the least warmth; why, then, should not December be the coldest month? The reason is this. In February, the heat has gone from the earth; the frost, ice and snow have accumulated; and these exercise an influence which the heat of the sun cannot yet overcome. If the sun remained as it is during the winter months, all vegetation would finally cease in our climate, and the whole country would remain buried in snow and ice.

In England, February has nearly the same character as our March, and it is regarded as the opening of spring. There the birds pair in February, and the blackbird, thrush and chaffinch fill the woods with their songs. The ravens begin to build their nests, the moles in the ground throw up their little hil-

locks, and some intrepid plants put forth their blossoms. The snow-drops, "fair maids of February," as they are there called, often peep out, even though it be amidst the snow—the alder-tree discloses the flower-buds—and the catkins of the hazel become conspicuous in the hedges. This is the picture of things in *old* England. What a different picture is before us in New England!

The Three Sovereigns.

THE following anecdote was often told by the late emperor Alexander, and is amongst the traditions of the Russian court:

In 1814, during the period that the allies were masters of Paris, the Czar, who resided in the hotel of M. de Talleyrand, was in the daily habit of taking a walk, (in strict *incognito*), every morning, in the garden of the Tuilleries, and thence to the Palais Royale. He one day met two other sovereigns, and the three were returning arm-in-arm to breakfast in the Rue St. Florentin, when, on their way thither, they encountered a provincial, evidently freshly imported to Paris, and who had lost his way.

"Gentlemen," said he, "can you tell me which is the Tuilleries?"

"Yes," replied Alexander; "follow us; we are going that way, and will show you."

Thanks on the part of the countryman led them soon into conversation. A few minutes sufficed to arrive at the palace; and as here their routes lay in opposite

directions, they bade each other reciprocally adieu.

"*Parbleu!*" cried the provincial, "I should be glad to know the names of persons so amiable and complaisant as you are."

"My name?" said the first—"Oh, certainly; you have, perhaps, heard of me; I am the emperor Alexander."

"A capital joke," exclaimed the Gascon—"An emperor! And you?" addressing the second individual,—"*Who may you be?*"

"I?" replied he; "why, probably, I am not wholly unknown to you, at least by name; I am the king of Prussia!"

"Better and better," said the man. "And you, what are you, then?" looking at the third person.

"I am the emperor of Austria!"

"Perfect, perfect!" exclaimed the provincial, laughing with all his might.

"But you, monsieur," said the emperor Alexander, "surely you will also let us know whom we have the honor to speak to?"

"To be sure," replied the man, quitting them with an important strut, "I am the Great Mogul."

WRITTEN ON A BOY'S MARBLE.

The world's something bigger,
But just of this figure,
And speckled with mountains and seas,
Your heroes are overgrown schoolboys,
Who scuffle for empires and toys,
And kick the poor ball as they please.
Now Cæsar, now Pompey, gives law;
And Pharsalia's plain,
Though heaped with the slain,
Was only a game at *law*.

Mrs. Barbauld

Inquisitive Jack.

CHAPTER I.

About the Wren and his family.



I have given some account of this curious, inquiring, investigating little hero, in a former volume of our Museum. But there is a good deal to tell about him yet; and, as I have many letters from my little readers, expressing their interest in Jack, I propose to go on and continue his story. I think everybody will be pleased to hear how he became acquainted with the natural history of birds.

One day Jack was down at the bottom of the garden, when he became interested in some insects which he saw on the leaves of a hop vine, which was climbing up a trellis close by. In order to examine the insects more closely, Jack took off his cap and carelessly hung it on the top of one of the stakes which supported the trellis.

After examining the insects for a while, Jack became so interested in the subject that he picked off some leaves of the hop vine, covered with the little creatures, and carried them to his aunt Piper, to ask her about them. He forgot his cap, which was left on the stake; nor could Jack recollect, when he wanted it, where he had left it. He was

obliged to wear his best hat for nearly a week, when, by chance, he discovered his cap on the stake. He then recollected all about it, and ran to the trellis to take it down. But what was his surprise to find it tenanted by a fierce little wren, who flew out of the cap and then darted at Jack, snapping at him sharply with his tiny beak.



Jack was almost frightened at the fierceness of the little bird, but after a while he reached up his hand and took down the cap. You may well believe that he was greatly amused to find that the little wren, with its companion, had begun to build a nest in it. They had already packed it more than half full of sticks, straws, and dried grass.

At first, Jack was sorry that he had robbed the little birds of their home; but after a while, he got a little box and made a hole large enough for the wrens to go in and out, and set it upon

the stake where the cap had been. For two or three days the wrens were very shy, and would not go near the box. But at last, one of them flew to the trellis and peered all about to see if there was no danger near. In a little while, he hitched along towards the box, making a queer noise all the time. By and by, he ventured to alight upon the box, and finally he popped his head into the hole. Then he looked all around again very cautiously, and at last in he went. Pretty soon he came out again, and stationed himself upon the top of the box, and began to sing with all his might. If you will excuse me, I will try to put his song into words :

Hi diddle ho diddle,
Pop diddle dee,—
Here 's the prettiest house
You ever did see.

Come hither, come hither,
My own pretty friend,
Here 's a home for us both,—
Come, come, little wren !

Here 's a hole for our door,
And a room for our nest,
So come my sweet bird,
And we both will be blest.

Hi diddle ho diddle,
Pop diddle dee,—
'T is the prettiest house
You ever did see !

Thus the little fellow went on singing as if he would split his throat, and pretty soon his little mate was seen flying along toward him. She alighted upon the box, and nothing could exceed his apparent delight. Mr. Wren then popped into

the box, and Mrs. Wren popped in after him.

Jack was an attentive observer of all these proceedings, and he was greatly delighted to find that the wrens were willing to accept of the box in exchange for the cap. The next day, they began to build their nest in the box. It was very pleasant, indeed, to see the little creatures at work. They would carry up quite large sticks, and were very handy in getting them into the hole. They began their work by sunrise, and so industrious were they, that, in four days, the nest was finished. The lower part consisted of rough sticks and coarse straws. The upper part was finer, and the nest was lined with fine grass. In a week, there were four little spotted eggs in the nest. The female wren was now rather quiet, but the male wren was very watchful indeed. If he saw the cat coming near the trellis, he would fly at her, and snap his little beak close to her ears. Puss would sometimes strike her paws at him, but, in general, she was frightened and ran away. The little wren was very pugnacious. If a robin or a blue jay came near, he went at him in the most fearless way, and drove him off. One day, as Jack was watching him, the little fellow attacked a crow that was passing by, and, overtaking him, picked at him so sharply as to make the old fellow cry for quarter in a very loud voice. "Caw, caw, caw," said the crow, and Mr. Wren, seeming satisfied, returned to his box. Perching himself upon the very top of the trellis, he began to sing a song of triumph, shaking his wings all the time, in great glee.

The female wren soon began to sit

upon the eggs, and nothing could exceed the watchful care and anxiety of good master Wren. He was always on hand, if any cat or bird intruded upon his dominions; and they were sure to pay dearly for their temerity when they did so. He spent a good deal of his time in singing, in part, I suppose, to amuse himself, and in part also to amuse his little lady.

Well, after a time, there were four young birds in the nest, and both Mr. and Mrs. Wren were too busy in feeding their children, to sing or play. They caught flies, and moths, and spiders, and gave them to their young ones, and it was amazing to see what a sight of these insects the little wrens ate, and it was really amusing to see how serious the old wrens appeared to be about these days.

The little ones grew apace, and in a short time it was thought best for them to leave the nest. You may well believe that Jack was on the look-out, to see the little creatures in their first adventure forth into the world. In the first place, one of the young birds put his head through the door of the box, and looked all round to see if the coast was clear. It was amazing to see how cunning the little fellow was, though not more than a fortnight old. The old wrens were at a little distance, chattering at a great rate, and seeming to invite the little fellow to try his wing. At last, he took courage, leaped from the box, and alighted safely upon a fence at some distance.

Now, how do you think this little bird knew how to fly,—where to go,—and how to 'light upon the fence? for you

must remember that he had never been out of the box before. I suppose you will tell me that he was guided by instinct—that strange power given by the Creator; and you will tell me right. After the first one had departed, the others came out one by one, and all were successful in their first flight, except the last. This little fellow, in attempting to light upon the fence, missed his footing, and fell to the ground. The old wrens came to him immediately, and there was a prodigious chattering about what had happened. The little fellow looked very serious for a time, but at last he made a new effort, flew a little distance, and reached one of the lower rails of the fence. The old wrens cheered him with their approbation, put a big spider into his mouth, and he seemed to be quite happy.

This was a great day among the wren family. Never was there such a bustle before! The little wrens kept calling out for something to eat; the old wrens flew first to one and then to another, giving each an insect with a little good advice, and departing to provide more food.

It would take me a long time to tell all that happened upon this interesting occasion. Jack was there, and saw it all, and if you ever meet with him, you had better ask him about it. I can only tell you, at present, that, from this time, he was very much interested in birds; not as creatures to be hunted and tormented or killed, but as creatures that build nests, and have their homes, and rear their young ones, which they love very much, and whom they treat with the utmost care and tenderness. He looked

upon them as creatures displaying great ingenuity, many curious habits and wonderful instincts. He, therefore, found a great deal more pleasure in watching their movements, and studying their characters, than in throwing stones at them, or shooting them. I shall tell you about other birds as we proceed in our story.

Dick Boldhero.

CHAPTER I.

Early days—The keg of gold—Misfortunes—Voyages.

As I am about to tell my story, it is proper that I should say something of my birth, parentage and early days. About half way between Hartford and New Haven, in Connecticut, is a small, pleasant city, called Middletown. It is situated upon the western bank of Connecticut river, and lies upon the turnpike which constitutes the great avenue between the two places first mentioned.

About a mile and a half south of Middletown, upon this high road, is a turnpike gate, and contiguous to it is a small toll-house. This was originally called Hill-gate, being situated on a hill, but at last it was familiarly called Hell-gate. In the house which bore this ominous title, I was born, about five and forty years ago.

Our family then consisted of my father and mother, a brother, named Seth, and myself. Seth was two years old when I was born. When I was

about two years old, a girl was added to our circle, and she was named Sarah. We were now very poor, but had once been in good circumstances. My father had formerly been a merchant in Middletown, in partnership with his brother Benjamin. They traded to the West Indies, with a sloop called the Carbuncle, and my uncle Ben used to command her. He usually went to St. Domingo, where he carried horses, mules, cows, oxen, potatoes, onions, &c., and brought back sugar and molasses.

From all I can learn, it seems my uncle Ben was an eccentric character, but still he managed his part of the business well, and the concern went on in a thriving way for some years. At last, it was thought best for him to remain at St. Domingo, so as to carry on the business there, and accordingly it was so arranged. He took up his residence at Port au Prince; but, in about a year after he was established there, the insurrection in St. Domingo broke out. My uncle, who was a hot-headed fellow, took some part in the struggle, in consequence of which, he was obliged to seek safety in flight from the island. Whither he went, we could not exactly find out, but we were told that he went on board a Dutch vessel, bound for Surinam. From that time, however, we heard nothing of him.

At the time that the disturbances commenced at Port au Prince, the Carbuncle was lying in port. Her cargo was in, and she was almost ready to sail; accordingly, she took her departure, and escaped. She brought a letter from my uncle Ben, very hastily written, saying that his life was in danger, and

very probably he might never return. He went on to say, however, that he should send a keg of gold by the vessel, which was of great value; that, if my father never heard of him more, he might consider it as his own.

You may well imagine my father's disappointment, at finding that the precious keg was not to be found on board the sloop, when she came back. The supercargo, whose name was Ambrose Dexter, and familiarly called Amby Dexter, declared that my uncle had not time to put the keg on board,—that he was obliged to fly, and that he went hastily by night on board the Dutch vessel of which we have already spoken.

My father continued the business for a year or two, employing Dexter as his supercargo; but the trade proved unprofitable, and at last he became a bankrupt. The idea was then common that the creditor has a right over the soul and body of his debtor. Accordingly, the persons whom he owed threw him into prison, where he remained for two or three years. My mother was reduced to extreme poverty, but she still continued to pick up a subsistence.

Upon my father's failure, Dexter took the store and continued the business, and very soon he became a rich man. For some reason, he seemed to hate my father, though he pretended to be very kind to him. He used to go and see him in prison, and promised to use his influence for his liberation; but it afterwards appeared that he had actually brought up claims against him, and caused him to be imprisoned upon them.

My father suffered so much from his

confinement, that his constitution was weakened, and his health impaired forever. After his release, he obtained the situation of toll-keeper, from which he received about one hundred dollars a year. Upon this pittance, our family was now obliged to live. My mother, however, was a good economist, and though we lived humbly, we had still the necessaries of life.

As I have said, Amby Dexter advanced rapidly in wealth, and in the space of a few years he became a very rich man. In reflecting upon all the circumstances, my father became suspicious that he had embezzled the keg of gold, which had been sent by my uncle Ben, and that this was the secret of his sudden prosperity. He intimated these views, in a confidential way, to one or two whom he esteemed friends. He showed them the letter he had received from his brother, together with the documents tending to establish his views. These confidential friends, however, betrayed his trust, and told Dexter of what my father had said.

As if our cup of misfortune was not yet sufficiently full, our house was secretly entered shortly after this time, by some one at night, and my father's papers were carried off, together with two hundred dollars, which belonged to the turnpike company. A story was soon put in circulation, that the robbery was all a sham; and it was soon generally suspected that my father had taken the money, and caused the rumor of the theft to cover up his guilt. He was tried for the embezzlement of the property, but though he was acquitted, he was deprived of his place.

Nor was this all. Dexter brought an action against him for defamation, in consequence of what he had said about him to his confidential neighbors. A poor man's word is feeble, and carries little conviction with it; while the rich man's word is full of authority. Accordingly, in this contest, my father could hardly fail to be overwhelmed by his proud and prosperous enemy. He had even lost the papers, by means of the robbery which justified the suspicions he had expressed, and thus he was regarded by the jury as without excuse or defence.

He was sentenced to pay five hundred dollars, and being unable to do it, he was sent to prison. Here he lingered for a few months, till, at last, worn out and emaciated with confinement, and sick at heart, his spirit departed, as I trust, for a better world.

As it is a painful story, I shall not detail the course of events which followed, in respect to my mother. It must be sufficient to say, that my brother Seth grew up rather a wild fellow, and the neighbors said—"I thought it would be so, for he comes of a bad father." At last, when he was about seventeen years old, he went to sea, and was not heard of afterwards. For myself, I went to school till I was nine years old, when I went, as cabin-boy, on board a vessel which plied between Middletown and New York. Here I continued for several years—though I was often beaten because they said I belonged to a bad family. They seemed to think I could do nothing right. However, I bore it all, and grew up a sailor. When I was about fifteen, I went on a voyage to St.

Domingo, and was instructed by my mother to make inquiries about my uncle at Port au Prince. This I did, but as it was about twenty years since the events occurred which I have mentioned, I could hear nothing of him.

After my return, I made several other voyages, and was soon able to do something towards the support of my mother and sister. At last I went upon a voyage which produced results which may be interesting to the reader. I shall give an account of it in the next chapter.

The Indian and his Dog.

ON the borders of the state of Pennsylvania there lived a man by the name of Le Fevre, who had a family of eleven children. One morning, the youngest of these, about four years of age, was found to be missing. The distressed family sought after him, by the river and in the fields, but to no purpose. Terrified to an extreme degree, they united with their neighbors to go in quest of him. They entered the woods, and beat them over with the most scrupulous attention. A thousand times they called him by name, but were answered only by the echoes of the wilderness.

The different members of the party employed in the search, at length assembled themselves together, without being able to bring the least intelligence of the child. After reposing for a few minutes, they formed themselves into several different bands, and renewed the search. Night came on, but the

parents refused to return home. Their anxiety increased by knowing that the forests were inhabited by panthers and wolves, and they could not but paint to their imagination the horrid spectacle of some of these dreadful animals devouring their darling child.

"Derick, my poor little Derick, where are you?" frequently exclaimed the mother, in the most poignant grief,—but all was of no avail. As soon as daylight appeared, they recommenced their search, but as unsuccessfully as the preceding day. At last, an Indian, laden with furs, coming from an adjacent village, called at the house of Le Fevre, intending to repose himself there, as he usually did, in his travels through that part of the country. He was much surprised to find no one at home but an old negress, kept there by her infirmities.

"Where is my brother?" asked the Indian. "Alas!" replied the negro woman, "he has lost little Derick, and all the neighborhood are employed in looking after him in the woods." It was then three o'clock, in the afternoon. "Sound the horn," said the Indian, "and try to call your master home—I will find his child." The horn was sounded, and, as soon as the father returned, the Indian asked him for the stockings and shoes that the little Derick had worn last. He then ordered his dog, which he had brought with him, to smell them, and immediately proceeded to describe a circle of nearly a mile in diameter, ordering his dog to smell the earth wherever he went.

The circle was not completed, when the sagacious animal began to bark. This sound occasioned some feeble ray of hope to the disconsolate parents.

The dog followed the scent and barked again; the party pursued him with all their speed, but they soon lost sight of him in the woods. Half an hour afterwards, they heard him again, and soon saw him return. The countenance of the dog was visibly altered; an air of joy seemed to animate him, and his actions appeared to indicate that his search had not been in vain. "I am sure that he has found the child!" exclaimed the Indian. But whether dead or alive, was a question which none could yet decide. The Indian then followed his dog, who led him to the foot of a large tree, where lay the child, exhausted from weakness and want of food, and nearly approaching death. He took it tenderly in his arms, and hastened to the parents.

Happily, the father and mother were in some measure prepared for the return of their child. Their joy was so great, that it was more than a quarter of an hour before they could express their gratitude to the restorer of their child. Words cannot describe the affecting scene. After they had bathed the face of the child with their tears, they threw themselves on the neck of the Indian, to whom they were so much indebted. Their gratitude was then extended to the dog; they caressed him with inexpressible delight, as the animal, who, by means of his sagacity, had found their beloved offspring; and, conceiving that he, like the rest of the group, must now stand in need of refreshment, a plentiful repast was prepared for him; after which, he and his master pursued their journey; and the company, mutually pleased at the happy event, returned to their respective homes, delighted with the kind Indian and his wonderful dog.



Husking the Corn.

HERE they are, all at work, husking the corn—the Widow Wilkins and her three children, Tom, Dick and Lucy. The good woman is giving a lesson to Dick, how to strip off the husks—and little Lucy is trying to do as Dick does. Let us listen to the dialogue.

Mother. See there, Dick—do you see that?

Dick. Yes, ma'am.

M. Well—now you take off the husks, and then take hold of the stalk, just so

D. Yes, ma'am.

M. And then you break off the stalk close to the ear, just so.

D. Yes, ma'am.

Lucy. There, mother! didn't I do that better'n Dick?

M. Yes, my darling. Now, Dick, do you know how to do it?

D. Yes, ma'am.

Being satisfied that the husking was in a fair way, the widow Wilkins departed, and left her children to themselves. After she was gone, Dick spoke

as follows. "Can you tell me, Tom, what all this corn is for?" "To be sure I can!" said Tom: "some of it is to feed the chickens with; some of it is to feed the pigs with; some of it is to feed the horse and cow with, and some of it is to be ground into Indian meal, to make Johnny-cake and brown bread with."

"Well done!" says Dick. "It seems to me that the corn is very useful, then; for the chickens and the pigs, and the cow and the horse, and mother and Tom, and Dick and Lucy, all live upon it. Really, I never thought of that before. Then people, when they plant and plough, and hoe, and pick, and husk the corn, are working all the while for the hens, and hogs, and catle, and people!"

"Yes, to be sure," said Tom; "and what did you think all this labor was for, before you found out it was useful in this way?"

"Why," said the boy, "I thought—I thought—I don't know what I thought; I guess I didn't think at all—or if I did, I thought it was all a kind of play. But I know better now; I see that when people are at work, they are not playing, but they are doing something useful; and when mother sets me to work, I mean always to consider that she has a good and useful object in view, and that I must do it, not because it is play, but because it will do some good."

"Very well," said Tom; "I hope you will always do so." By this time, the husking was done, and I came away.

The Old Man in the Corner; or, the Pedler's Pack.

NO. II.

THE STORY OF THE COTTON-WOOL.

SEVERAL weeks ago I took a ramble through the beautiful town of Dorchester. In the course of my perambulation, I came to a paper-mill, and being attracted by the stirring sound of the machinery within, I entered and looked around me. In one place I saw an immense bin of rags, of all sizes and shapes, and of all hues, and apparently gathered from the four quarters of the globe. Never did I see such a motley congregation, crowded together in one place. As I was looking on the heap, the thought occurred to me that if each rag could speak and tell the adventures

of its existence, we should have a collection of romances equal in extent, and perhaps rivalling in wonders, the thousand and one tales of the Arabian Nights.

While I was gazing at the heap of rags, which, by the by, was in a dim and dusky room, I thought I saw something rise up in the midst, looking very much like the skinny visage of a very thin, old woman, about to speak. I approached the bin, and looked steadily at the grisly image—but, on closer inspection, it appeared to be only an old rag, which had, accidentally, assumed the questionable shape I have described.

I proceeded to examine the several

processes of the mill, and great was my admiration at seeing their magical result. I discovered that the rags of any hue, being put into a vat, were bleached as white as the "driven snow;" that they were then reduced to a kind of pulp, as soft as paste; that this, being mixed with water, produced a liquid like milk; that this liquid passed over a wire cloth, through which the water oozed, leaving a thin, white, even scum, which, settling upon the wire cloth, formed the sheet of paper.

I looked on this beautiful process with wonder and delight. I saw the sheet of paper pass over several cylinders, gradually becoming firmer and firmer, by pressure and heat, until, at last, I could see it coiled up, smooth, white and polished, and several hundred yards in length. I then saw it unrolled, and, by a simple machine, cut into sheets, ready to be sent to market.

I have never seen any manufacture which seemed to me so admirable. When I left the mill, I sauntered along the banks of the river, which turned the wheels of the mill. The place was shady, and, it being summer, I sat down. While I was there, a pretty, black-eyed girl came along, and I beckoned her to me. She came smiling, and we fell into conversation. She asked me to go to her house, and being introduced to her parents, they gave the old man some food, and treated him kindly. "Will you tell me a story?" said the little girl. "I will write you one," said I—and so we parted.

For some weeks I forgot my promise, when I received a note from the black-eyed girl, refreshing my memory on this

point. At evening I sat down to write the tale: but, instead of writing, a drowsiness stole over me, and I fell into a dream. Methought I was at my writing-desk, when I heard a rustling amid a heap of papers on my table, and presently something rose up, and assumed precisely the appearance of the rag in the bin of the paper-mill, which had seemed to me so much like a hag-gish old woman. A sort of strange fear came over me. I could now see the distinct features of a face, though the general aspect of the horrid visage was that of an old calico rag. There was a long, thin, crooked nose; deep, twinkling, tallow-colored eyes; a pointed chin, and a mouth that seemed capable of uttering unutterable things.

I rose up and stood aloof in fear. I was about to speak, when the ghost put her finger on her lip, and, stepping forward, stood upon the middle of the table. There was something awful about this scene, and I felt chilled, with a creeping horror, to my very heart. The creature reached out a kind of crumpled hand, and in a sort of frenzy I clasped it. But no sooner had I touched it, than the image vanished, and I found in my grasp a roll of paper. This I unfolded, and found it to be an immense sheet, written over in a neat, close hand. Casting my eye at the beginning, I saw that it read as follows:

"THE REMINISCENCES OF A RAG.

"As the rising sun was just peeping over the bosom of the Atlantic, and tinging with gold the waters that play along the borders of Amelia Island, a negro man, named Bob Squash, was seen

putting some little seeds into the ground, upon the eastern slope of said island. This event occurred on the 4th of March, 1839, as the wooden clock of the plantation was on the stroke of four.

"The seed was covered up in the ground, but in a few days it shot forth, and, in process of time, it became a large plant, covered with tufts of cotton. These were gathered by Bob Squash, and rolled into a wad and from this time I began to have a consciousness of existence. That ball of cotton was myself. I was packed into a bag with an immense heap of other cotton, and being put into a mill, we were awfully torn to pieces, in order to separate the seeds from the fibres. The teeth of the mill, which consisted of a thousand looks, went through and through us, and thus we were parted forever from the seeds which had been born and bred with us, and which we had cherished from our infancy. The seeds, however, were black, and the combing process made us look very nice and clean.

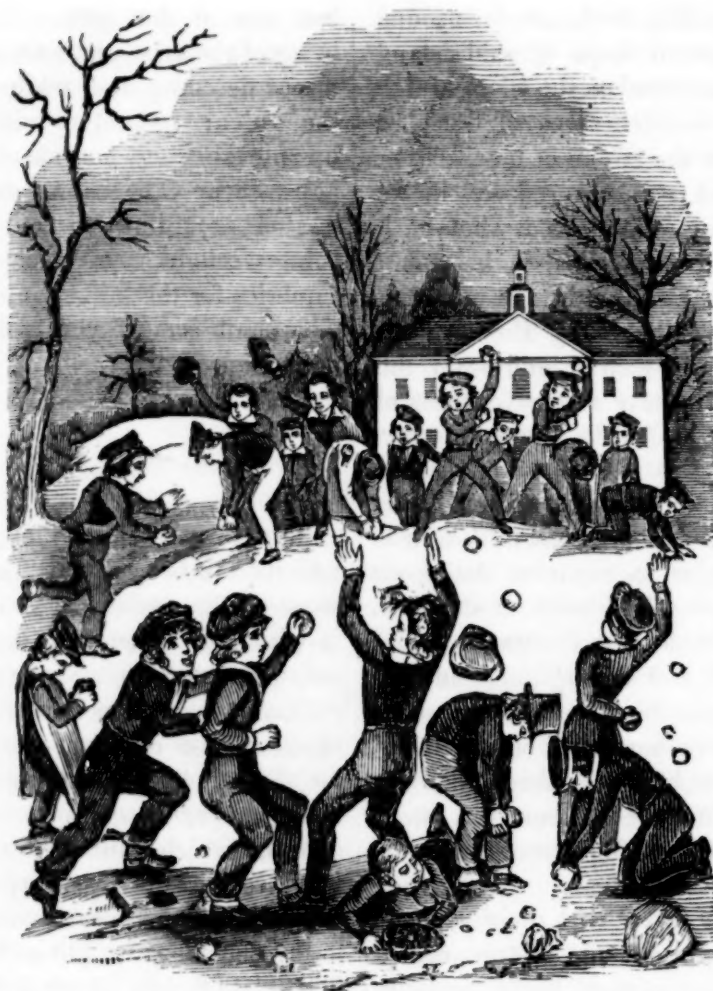
"I was now taken, with the rest of the cotton-wool, and put into a large, coarse sack and, in order to make us lie snug, a little negro got into the sack and trod us down. He did n't stop to consider how we might like it, but he went on stamping and jumping, and singing Jim Crow, all the time. When the bag was full, the mouth was sewed up, and we were marked as weighing three hundred and seventy-five pounds. In this state we were called a bale of cotton.

You must know that there are two kinds of cotton—the short staple, or *upland cotton*, and the long staple, or *sea island*. The latter is the best, and our

bale was of that sort. Of course, we, being of the aristocratic class, were proud of our descent; and, while we supposed the vulgar upland would be worked up into shirtings and sheetings, or, perhaps, cheap calicoes, we expected to be treated according to our quality, by being wrought into delicate muslins or cambrics for the fair. So it chanced, as you shall see, if you will peruse the next chapter.

[To be continued.]

THE SEA.—From the great depths which have been actually ascertained in some places, and the great extent of sea in which no bottom has been found, we may conclude that we are under the estimate when, including banks and shallows, we allow one mile in depth for the whole. Even this gives us a most enormous quantity of water; a quantity which, estimated in tons weight, we have the entire quantity of sea water, with all its saline ingredients, amounting to the enormous weight of 600,000,000,000,000,000, (six hundred thousand billions of tons.) Of this enormous quantity, between three and four per cent. consists of different saline ingredients, and the rest of pure water; so that water in the sea available for the purposes of animal and vegetable life, the supply of springs and rivers, and all other purposes for which water is needed in the economy of the land, amounts to five hundred and eighty thousand billions of tons; and the quantity of salt, at least of saline ingredients, to about twenty thousand billions of tons.



Snow-balling.

“**H**URRAH, boys—school’s out! come! let’s choose sides and have a snow-balling!”

At this challenge, the boys divide into two groups, and at it they go. It is capital sport—for while it gives an opportunity for the display of skill and power in hurling the missiles, it causes no broken bones—no bloody noses—no peeled shins—no black eyes. It is the very mildest, merriest, and most harm-

less of all fighting. A snow-ball pat in the face draws no “claret,” begets no bad blood, and only provokes a retaliation, in kind, perchance inciting the hit warrior to squeeze his ball a little harder and send it back with redoubled, but still harmless *vim*.

Those people who live in the sunny south, where Jack Frost never comes with his snow-flakes, rarely miss one of the greatest delights of our northern

climes. We are willing to forego their orange groves, their fig trees, and their grape vines—bending as they may be with fruit—in consideration of the fun of snow-balling. Not that we, ourself—Robert Merry—old, decrepit and gray—ever engage in that lively sport. No—such things are past with us; but though we cannot personally engage in such merry work, we can at least look on—and that is a great pleasure.

I remember once when I was at school, the boys agreed to have a game of snow-balling, and each one was only to use his left hand. The work went on bravely and smartly, too, for some time; each boy stuck to the treaty, and faithfully worked with his left hand. But, at last, one cowardly fellow, named Farwell, got into a tussle with another chap, and as he received more balls than he sent, he broke his faith, and hurled with his right hand. This provoked retaliation, for one act of injustice is apt to beget another. Farwell was soundly beaten, and in a short time the whole treaty was violated and overturned. I have often thought of that little incident—and I close my story by suggesting the lesson it inculcates; beware of injustice—for it is very likely that you will yourself suffer from the wrongs that will be done in retaliation.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.—At the commencement of the revolutionary war, there lived at East Windsor, Connecticut, a farmer, of the name of Jacob Munsell, aged forty-five years. After the communication by water between this part of the country and Boston was in-

terrupted by the possession of Boston harbor by the British fleet, Munsell was often employed to transport provisions by land to our army, lying in the neighborhood of Boston. In the summer of 1775, while thus employed, he arrived within a few miles of the camp at Cambridge, with a large load, drawn by a stout ox team. In a part of the road which was somewhat rough, he met two carriages, in each of which was an American general officer. The officer in the forward carriage, when near to Munsell, put his head out of the window, and called to him, in an authoritative tone—"Get out of the path!"

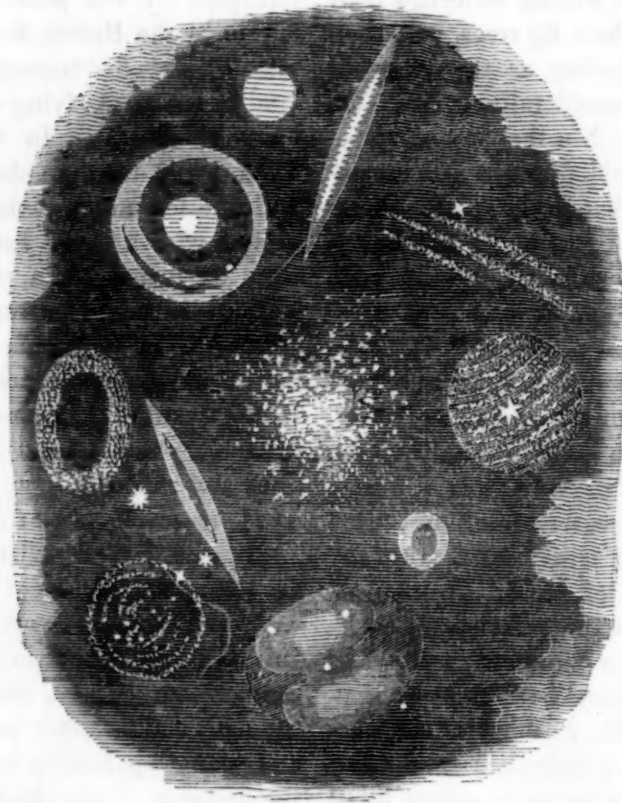
Munsell immediately retorted, "I won't get out of the path—get out yourself!"

After some other vain attempts to prevail on Munsell to turn out, the officer's carriage turned out, and Munsell kept the path. The other carriage immediately came up, having been within hearing distance of what had passed, and the officer within put his head out of the vehicle, and said to Munsell—"My friend, the road is bad, and it is very difficult for me to turn out; will you be so good as to turn out and let me pass?"

"With all my heart, sir," said Munsell; "but I won't be d—d out of the path by any man."

This last officer was General Washington. How much more noble, and how much more successful, is a mild and courteous manner, than a harsh and dictatorial one!

QUESTION ON MATHEMATICS.—A fellow in Kentucky, with a railway imagination, wants to know how long it will be before they open the equinoctial line.

*Nebulae.*

The Use of Telescopes.

ONE of the inventions most important to science that ever was made, was that of the *telescope*. The common telescope is usually called a *spy-glass*. It is used to look at distant objects, and it serves to bring them, apparently, nearer to view. At sea, the spy-glass is of the greatest use, for it enables the masters of vessels distinctly to see the land, which would scarcely be visible to the naked eye. He can also see vessels which are distant, and be able to tell what kind of vessels they are, what rigging they have, what colors they

carry, &c., long before these things could be discovered by the naked eye.

But the telescopes, made for looking at the heavenly bodies, though apparently less useful than the common spy-glass, have still revealed to us many interesting and wonderful, and, indeed, useful, truths. By means of these, we are better acquainted with the moon; we now know that it is a rough planet of mountains and valleys, and, though resembling our earth, that it is without inhabitants, water or atmosphere.

By means of telescopes we know that

Jupiter, which to the naked eye seems but a little star, is a great world, with four moons, and, what is curious, we know that these moons keep the same face always turned to the planet, just as our moon does to the earth. We know that Saturn, which also seems like a little star, is a vast world, with seven moons, and a wonderful belt of light, encircling it and revolving around it. These are some of the wonders revealed to us by the telescope.

But there are still others quite as interesting. Beyond the stars which we can see with the naked eye, the telescope unfolds to the view thousands upon thousands of others, the very existence of which we had never known but for this instrument. Nor is even this all—some of the stars are not single, but two or three are close together, and evidently revolve around one another. These are called *binary*, or double stars. Astronomers have observed many thousands of these wonderful worlds, far away in the boundless regions of space.

You have all seen what is called the Milky-way, a broad, irregular band of light crossing the entire heavens. The ancient poets represented this as the milk spilt by the nurse of their god Mercury, and from this poor and paltry conception, it derived its name. Now, let us remark what the telescope says the milky-way is—an immense number, myriads upon myriads, of worlds! What a glorious view does this unfold to us of that God who has not only made the heavens, but us also!

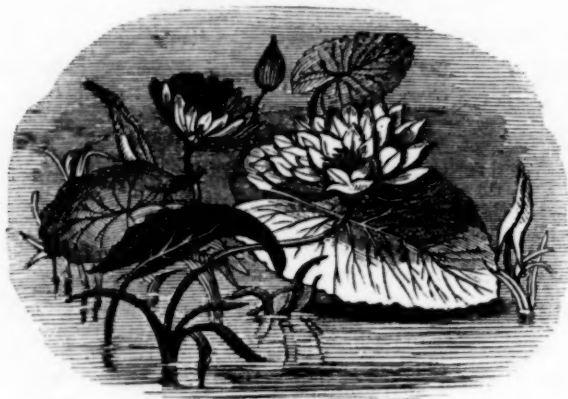
But beside stars of various magnitudes, revealed by the telescope, there are other objects, called *nebulae*, from

their cloud-like appearance. These are of various sizes and forms, some being without defined shape, some being circular, some long and pointed, and one bearing a resemblance to a dumb bell. The engraving at the head of this article will give some idea of the appearance of these mysterious bodies, which are seen, many millions of miles off in the far regions of space.

The idea has been suggested, and with good reason, that these *nebulae* are particles of matter, thin almost as air, which are in the process of being condensed and formed into worlds. We know that a detached drop of water forms itself, at once, into a little globe, by that principle which pervades all matter—called gravitation; and we may suppose that these different particles forming the *nebulae*, being attracted to each other, will gradually assume a spherical form, and that, in the rush of these particles toward each other, currents will be created, which will give the globe a revolving motion. Such are the curious speculations of the astronomers, and there is some reason to think them correct. What a vast conception does this view of things unfold—for it seems that not only are there countless millions of worlds already formed, all around us, but that, in the distance, the Almighty is still carrying on the stupendous process of manufacturing other worlds! Far—far beyond the reach of the naked eye—far beyond the reach of the searching telescope—far beyond even the daring stretch of the imagination, into the unfathomed night of space—there, there, is the Almighty lighting up the regions of nothingness with existence,

bidding new suns to shine in the chambers of silence and death—and thus extending his dominions and spreading abroad the rays of his glory. If the angels and good spirits are permitted to look upon these things—to accompany the Creator in his mighty movements—

to look upon his proceedings—to fathom, in some degree, his designs—to participate in his works—to co-operate in his views—and to do all this in that blissful harmony which love to God creates—O, how glorious must be that happiness which they enjoy!



The Lotus.

THE Lotus, or lily of the Nile, is a plant of great beauty and celebrity. There is one kind which is dried and made into loaves, and eaten for bread. The root, which is round and of the size of an apple, is also eaten.

The flower, at first, stands on the stalk, one or two feet above the water; but when the leaves are expanded and the seed-vessels fully formed, it gradually sinks till it rests on the surface of the water. All travellers are very much struck with the beauty of the lakes and rivers in Egypt, when, as frequently happens, they are covered with these blossoms. Sometimes they spring up in the places which are flooded during the overflow of the Nile, and seem to

spread out to a vast extent, covering the entire surface of the water; yet when the flood subsides they perish.

THE MILLER AND THE FOOL.—A miller who attempted to be witty at the expense of a youth of weak intellect, accosted him thus: "John, people say that you are a fool." On this, John replied, "I don't know that I am, sir; I know some things, and some things I don't know, sir." "Well, John, what do you know?" "I know that millers always have fat hogs, sir." "And what don't you know?" "I don't know whose corn they eat, sir."



The Indian Dandy.

It must not be supposed that the love of fine dress is confined to city dandies and dandisettes. By no means; for travellers tell us that among the tribes that inhabit the far west, the young Indian men have a great fancy for dressing themselves up in a fanciful way.

The picture at the head of this article

represents a young man whose name was Prairie Wolf, and it is a very good likeness. He has upon his head the horns of a buffalo, which he slew in the chase; and beneath is the hair of the buffalo's pate, with a circular and notched piece of leather, forming together a sort of crown. He has beads around his neck, with a necklace of

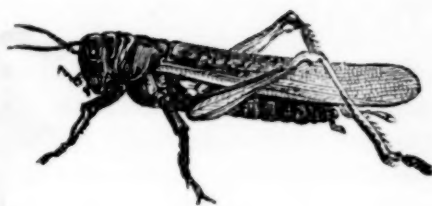
bears' claws. He has, also, a bracelet on his left arm. His robe is made of ornamented deer skins;—his kilt is of leather, fringed with wampum.

This dress is very modest for a young Indian. Very often the young fellows, when they wish to appear lovely in the eyes of the girls, paint themselves red, blue and green: they decorate their heads with feathers, and, altogether, make a most extraordinary display. They then mount a horse and ride swiftly around the village, coming often before the women to excite their admiration.

The grave old warriors and hunters, who have done great deeds in their day, laugh at such things, and ridicule them as very contemptible. Indeed, when an Indian has performed some distinguished feat in battle, or the chase, he usually ceases to be a dandy in dress.

One thing is curious among the Indians, and that is, that this love of dress is chiefly confined to the men. The women, indeed, decorate themselves with a few beads and other ornaments; but real dandyism belongs wholly to the other sex. The females are usually modest in their attire, and seldom seek to excite admiration by their dress. It seems to be among the Indians as among the turkies—the cocks are the only ones that strut about, showing off their fine feathers!

“Do you understand me, now?” thundered out one of our country pedagogues, to an urchin, at whose head he threw an ink-stand. “I have got an *ink*-ling of what you mean,” replied the boy.



The Locust.

THE *Locust* is an insect whose vast depredations are so little known to us by experience, that the full extent of the plague they cause in Egypt and other eastern countries, is hardly credible. A flight of these insects has been compared to flakes of snow driven about by the wind; and if the sun shines ever so bright, it is no lighter than when covered by a cloud. When they alight upon the ground, the plains are entirely covered with them, and speedily stripped of every vestige of herbage or other vegetable; while at night, locusts cover the earth in such numbers, that they lie one upon the other, four or five inches thick.

The locust, in form, nearly resembles the grasshopper; it hops and flies in the same manner, but is more robust, and has four large wings. The body is scaly, the head large, and the eyes very bright. Their legs and thighs are so powerful, that they can leap to a height of two hundred times the length of their bodies; when so raised, they spread their wings, and fly so close together, as to appear like one compact, moving mass. In most parts of the east, they are made an article of food; and in Egypt, the catching and cooking of locusts forms a regular employment. Their taste is said to be insipid.

St. Patrick and Father Matthew.

ST. PATRICK was a famous missionary, who went to Ireland about fourteen hundred years ago, and taught the people Christianity. At that time, the Irish were heathen, and their religion was a kind of idolatry. Their priests were called druids, who taught the adoration of the sun and moon, together with many superstitions. St. Patrick persuaded the people to dismiss their errors and to adopt the truths of Christianity. He accomplished this great object by the gentle arts of persuasion; and consequently his memory has been ever held in kind and honored remembrance by the greater part of the Irish people. As it is a great while since St. Patrick lived, many curious stories have been invented about him; and, among others, it is related that he drove all the venomous serpents, together with the toads, frogs, lizards and tadpoles, out of the island. Now this is no doubt a fiction. Probably these stories are a kind of allegory, by which, under the idea of reptiles, the errors of heathenism are meant, and these were cast out by the good old saint.

But, however this may be, something quite as wonderful as the tales about St. Patrick, has taken place in our day. A good priest or minister, called Father Matthew, seeing that the people of Ireland were very much addicted to drunkenness, thought he would try to induce them to give it up, and become temperate. So he drew up a pledge, and began to get the people to sign it. He succeeded very well indeed; the people signed the pledge, and many that were

very miserable before, on account of the use of whiskey and other strong drinks, were reformed, and became sober, useful, and happy people. Seeing the great good that was thus done, other persons signed the pledge; and thus the great work proceeded, until five or six millions of people had signed it.

This is indeed a great and wonderful work. It is impossible to say how much evil has been prevented, and how much good has been done by Father Matthew. He has recently been to England, and thousands signed the pledge there. It is said he is coming to America, and surely we shall all be glad to see him. The following lines, about St. Patrick and Father Matthew, may be amusing to our readers, and make them remember the good they have done.

St. Patrick, 'tis said, cleared Ireland's bogs
Of serpents and reptiles—toads, tadpoles and
frogs—

But a saint of our day shows a far greater
wonder—

For good Father Matthew's got alcohol under!
St. Patrick did well—and we give him a glass
Of pure cold water—so round let it pass!

We drink to his name—'tis a bright one in
story,

And, wreathed with green shamrock, shines
ever in glory;

For if we will read the old legend aright,
The reptiles he vanquished so bravely in
fight

Were druidical monsters—dark errors and
crimes—

Which he drove, with the cross, from Erin's
fair climes;

But alas! when the saint had long slept in the
grave,

A serpent, more monstrous, crept out from the
wave;

He seemed a good genius—was joyous and
frisky—

And so he was welcomed, and they christened him WHISKEY.

A favorite he grew, and at wedding or fair—
By every one cherished—sure Whiskey was there!

And all the world fancied, when he took a part,
Though 't were praying or dancing, it came from the heart.

But at last it was seen that a demon of night
Had passed himself off as an angel of light;
For, in moments of glee, like a serpent he stole
Unseen to the bosom, and coiled in the soul!
Nor was this all—for Whiskey's a fellow
That lives in each liquor, which makes one mellow—

And though he may dwell in a hogshead himself,

His spirit is found in a julep—the elf!

'T was thus by his arts that he spread o'er the isle,

And millions on millions did Whiskey beguile.
In vain are the efforts the evils to paint,
Where Whiskey was worshipped as more than a saint!

There was madness and death—there was sorrow and guile—

Yet—the source of them all—he was worshipped the while!

But murder will out—and Whiskey grew bold,
Was detected—convicted of all we have told.

St. Patrick was dead, but he left an example—

And so Father Matthew adopted the sample;
He attacked the old monster, and though he roared out,

And flourished his tail, and turned round about—

Mat laid it on well, and his blows, like a sledge,

Fell heavy and thick, for he wielded THE PLEDGE;

And the last news is this—'t is surely no wonder—

Father Matthew's atop, and Whiskey is under.

THE REAL CULPRIT.—A noble lady of Florence lost a valuable pearl necklace,

and a young girl who waited upon her was accused of the theft. As she solemnly denied the charge, she was put to the torture. Unable to support the terrible infliction, she acknowledged that "she was guilty," and, without further trial, was hung. Shortly after, Florence was visited by a tremendous storm, and a thunderbolt fell upon a figure of Justice on a lofty column, and split the scales, one of which fell to the earth, and with it the ruins of a magpie's nest, containing the pearl necklace!

Combat between a Falcon and Serpent.

M DE VAILLANT, a famous French traveller, gives an account of a remarkable engagement, of which he was a witness, between a falcon and a snake. The falcon is the chief enemy of the serpent in all the countries which it inhabits, and the mode in which it wages war with it is very peculiar. When the falcon approaches a serpent, it always carries the point of one of its wings forward, in order to parry off its venomous bites. Sometimes it finds an opportunity of spurning and treading upon its antagonist, or else of taking him upon its pinions, and throwing him into the air. When, by this system, it has, at length, wearied out its adversary, and rendered him almost senseless, it kills and swallows him at leisure.

On the occasion which Vaillant mentions, the battle was obstinate, and conducted with equal address on both sides. The serpent, feeling at last his inferi-

ority, endeavored to regain his hole; while the bird, apparently guessing his design, stopped him on a sudden, and cut off his retreat, by placing herself before him at a single leap.

On whatever side the reptile endeavored to make his escape, the enemy still appeared before him. Rendered desperate, the serpent resolved on a last effort. He erected himself boldly, to intimidate the bird, and, hissing dreadfully, displayed his menacing throat, in-

flamed eyes, and a head swollen with rage and venom. The falcon seemed intimidated for a moment, but soon returned to the charge; and, covering her body with one of her wings as a buckler, she struck her enemy with the bony protuberance of the other. M. Vaillant saw the serpent at last stagger and fall. The conqueror then fell upon him to despatch him, and with one stroke of her beak laid open his skull.



The Papyrus.

IN a former number of the Museum we gave some account of the *Papyrus*, a kind of three-cornered reed which grows in Egypt, and from the pith of which the ancients made thin paper. We give a cut representing some of these reeds growing in the edge of the water. They are still to be found in the environs of Damietta, and on the banks

of Lake Menzaleh, and nowhere else in Egypt. Perhaps the reason of this is, that, formerly, the government, in order to have a monopoly of the making of paper, caused it to be pulled up and eradicated in many parts of Egypt, and only allowed it to grow where its preparation could be superintended.

It is said that the mode of making the paper was this: the epidermis or skin of the stalk was carefully taken off, and then the spongy pith within was cut into very thin slices; these were steeped in the water of the Nile, and several layers were alternately placed crosswise, one upon the other. These were then pressed and dried, and rubbed smooth with a piece of ivory. Thus a substance was formed resembling our paper. It was very tough and durable, and many manuscripts upon it are still in existence, which are two thousand years old. It is said that the papyrus was used for the making of paper so late as the ninth century.



Pigeon Cones.

IN Upper Egypt every house and hut is provided with small houses or cones, painted white, for the brooding of pigeons. The number of these birds, in some parts, is quite surprising.

In certain districts, no man is allowed to marry or keep house, unless he is in possession of a dove house. The reason assigned for this is, that the pigeons furnish the only manure for the grounds.

Pictures of Various Nations.

CHAPTER II.

The people of Greenland—Labrador.

IN order to observe some method, in our account of the people of America, we shall introduce our readers in the first place to the Greenlanders, for I shall here consider Greenland as belonging to the American continent. For a long time Greenland was supposed to be united to this American continent; but it is now ascertained to be a large island. It lies so near to America, however, on the north-east, that it is proper to speak of it in this connection.

Greenland is a cold country, and very mountainous. It is quite barren, except in spots; but the sea is well stored with fish. The country also abounds with

reindeer, foxes, white bears, sea-wolves, sea-dogs and sea-cows.

The Greenlanders are short in stature, seldom exceeding five feet in height; but well formed, and rather stout. Their faces are broad and flat; their eyes, nose, and mouth commonly small; their under lip sometimes thicker than the upper; they have high breasts and broad shoulders; their complexion is brown or olive, and their hair coal-black and long.

When they rise in the morning, they appear thoughtful and dejected, but in the evening, when their toil is over, they are cheerful and happy. In general, however, they are not very lively in their temper, yet good-humored and friendly. When a person dies, they think he goes to the land of spirits where he spends his time in hunting

They are very fond of hunting and fishing; and in both they are very expert. They kill many seals; these furnish them with food. The oil they use as sauce, and of the blood they make soup. They use the oil also for lamp light and kitchen fire.

The clothing of the Greenlanders is composed of the skin of the reindeer, seals, and some kinds of birds, which they sew together with the sinews of the reindeer, seal, or whale. Their best garments they keep quite neat; but their ordinary dress abounds in filth and vermin. Their clothes smell so strong, that an inhabitant of the United States would be glad to get to the windward of a Greenlander.

The dwellings of the Greenlanders are of two sorts; one for summer, the other for winter. Their summer habitations are light tents, constructed with a few poles, covered with seal skins. Their winter habitations are built of stones, filled in with moss and covered with turf. The principal apartment is chiefly under ground, and the passage to it is so low, that it is necessary to creep rather than walk to it.

The Greenland women are very much degraded, and their lives are toilsome. They act as butchers and cooks; they dress all the skins, and then make them into garments, boots, shoes, &c. They are even obliged to build and repair the winter habitations, excepting that the men assist about the carpenter's work.

We are sure that our readers would not wish to live in Greenland; yet the inhabitants of that island think their country the best in the world. If at any time a Greenlander is carried to a warmer

clime, he longs for his native snows; and, if he cannot hope to return, he sometimes pines away and dies.

Crossing Davis' Strait, which is not very wide, we reach that part of the American continent which is called Labrador. This is the country of the Esquimaux.

These people resemble the Greenlanders in several important respects. Like them, they are low in stature, and in complexion are very sallow. Their beards are thick and bushy; but, unlike the Greenlanders, their constitutions are feeble. They are a timorous people, and stroke their breasts in token of peace, when they approach a stranger.

The word Esquimaux, signifies "eaters of raw flesh." They are very properly named. They are a rude and miserable race of beings, but some of them, it is said, have been taught to read the Scriptures. Their food consists chiefly of fish, with the flesh of the seal and the reindeer. Their greatest luxury is seal blubber, or oil, which they devour with as great relish as boys and girls of this country do sweetmeats.

The dress of these people is made of skins. Men and women dress nearly alike. The women use no trinkets except beads; but they ornament themselves by drawing a needle and thread, blackened with soot, under the skin. This leaves a light blue mark. It is a painful operation; but they delight so much in this kind of marks, that they sometimes cover almost their whole body with them.

The Esquimaux have a singular kind of dog, of which they keep large numbers. In this country, we should think

it strange if a dog could not bark; yet theirs never bark. They make use of them to draw their sledges and guard their habitations. Sometimes they eat them, and use their skins for clothing.

Their dwellings in winter resemble caves or holes dug in the earth. They are rendered very filthy by the large quantities of fat or oil which are burnt in them, and which are used in cooking. In summer, they live in tents, much like the Greenlanders.

When Captain Parry made his voyage towards the north pole, a few years since, he found some Esquimaux people living north of Hudson's Bay. These lived in huts, built of frozen snow. They were very talkative, good-humored and friendly. When they saw anything that pleased them, some fell to singing and dancing, while others screamed as loud as they could. Captain Parry's men gave them some food; but they made up hideous mouths at it, till, at length, a sailor wet up some dried bread pounded fine, with train-oil, which they licked up with great delight. This would be a loathsome dish to some of our readers in the United States.

These people seem to have no idea of formal religious worship, yet they believe they shall live after death; and if they are good, according to their ideas, that they shall go to heaven and be perfectly happy. Perfect happiness, in their view, no doubt, consists in having plenty of blubber to eat. Without the light of the Bible, how degraded mankind are!

"JOHN, your coat is too short."

"Yes, sir; but it will be long enough before I get another."



Bonaparte and the Leg of Mutton.

ONE forty years ago, we are told that in England, such was the horror generally entertained of Bonaparte, that he was not only the fear of statesmen, but the bug-bear of the nursery and the schoolroom. "If you do this," said the schoolma'm, birch in hand, "I'll send Bony after you;" and, "if you don't do that, I'll do the same thing." Bony was, in fact, the great scare-crow,—and many a child grew up under the impression that he was a sort of secondary evil spirit.

We are told by an English writer, that, at a certain boarding school, upon one occasion, a leg of mutton was stolen, and, as almost every evil thing was laid to Bonaparte, the children immediately supposed that he must be the thief! The writer himself, then a child, fancied the emperor, with the mutton in his fist, running off with it, and taking enormous strides in his eagerness to escape.

How many lasting prejudices, how many abiding errors are fixed in the

mind by the inconsiderate threats of those who have the charge of youth! It is probable that many of the various defects, weaknesses and eccentricities of character,—those in some cases which are fatal to success in life,—are caused by the foolish and false modes of government to which we allude. We hardly know of a more unpardonable offence than for a person to endeavor to govern a child through fear of some fictitious evil.

Names of Countries and Places.

THE following countries were named by the Phœnicians, the greatest commercial people of the ancient world. These names, in the Phœnician language, signify something characteristic of the place which they designated. *Europe* signifies a country of white complexions, so named, because the inhabitants there were of a fairer complexion than those of Asia and Africa. *Asia* signifies between, or in the middle, from the fact that the geographers placed it between Europe and Africa. *Africa* signifies the land of corn ears; it was celebrated for its abundance of corn and all sorts of grain.

Lydia signifies thirsty or dry,—very characteristic of the country. *Spain* signifies a country of rabbits or conies; this country was once so infested with these animals, that Augustus was besought to destroy them. *Italy* means a country of pitch; and *Calabria* has the same signification, for a similar reason. *Gaul*, modern France, signifies yellow-haired, as yellow hair characterized its first inhabitants. *Caledonia* means a woody

region. *Hibernia* means last habitation; for, beyond this, westward, the Phœnicians never extended their voyages.

Britain signifies the country of tin, as there were great quantities of tin and lead found here and in the adjacent islands. The Greeks called it *Albion*, which signifies, in the Phœnician tongue, either white or high mountain, from the whiteness of its shores, or the high rocks on the western coast. *Corsica* signifies a woody place, and *Sardinia*, the footstep of a man, which it resembles. *Rhodes*, means serpents or dragons, which it produced in abundance. *Sicily* means the country of grapes; *Scylla*, the whirlpool, is destruction. *Syracuse* signifies bad savor, so called from the unwholesome marsh upon which it stood. *Ætna* signifies furnace, or smoke.

Snuff-Taking.

SNUFF-taking is an old custom; yet, if we came suddenly upon it in a foreign country, it would make us split our sides with laughter. A grave gentleman takes a little casket out of his pocket, puts a finger and thumb in, brings away a pinch of a sort of powder, and then, with the most serious air possible, as if he were doing one of the most important acts of his life—for, even with the most indifferent snuff-taker, there is a certain look of importance—proceeds to thrust it into his nose; after which he shakes his head, or his waistcoat, or his nose itself, or all three, in the style of a man who has done his duty and satisfied the most serious claims of his well being.

It is curious to see the various ways in which people take snuff. Some do it by little fits and starts, and get over the thing quickly. There are epigrammatic snuff-takers, who come to the point as fast as possible, and to whom the pungency is everything. They generally use a sharp and severe snuff, a sort of essence of pins' points. Others are all urbanity and polished demeanor; they value the style, as well as the sensation, and offer the box around them as much out of dignity as benevolence.

Some people take snuff irritably, others bashfully, others in a manner as dry as the snuff itself, generally with an economy of the vegetable; others with a luxuriance of gesture, and a lavishness of supply that announces a more moist article, and sheds its superfluous honors upon neckcloth and coat. Dr. Johnson was probably a snuff-taker of this kind. He used to take it out of his waistcoat pocket, instead of a box.

There is a species of long-armed snuff-takers who perform the operation in a style of potent and elaborate preparation, ending with a sudden activity. He puts his head on one side, then stretches forth his arm with pinch in hand, then brings round his arm as a snuff-taking elephant might his trunk, and finally shakes snuff, head and nose together, in a sudden vehemence of convulsion. His eyebrows are all the time lifted up, as if to make more room for the onset, and when he has ended, he draws himself up to the perpendicular, and generally proclaims the victory he has won over the insipidity of the previous moment, by a snuff and a great "Flah!"

Squirrels.

IN the second volume of the Museum, we told some things about squirrels in general, but did not say anything about the different kinds particularly, which we will now proceed to do. They are so interesting a class (or, as the naturalists would say, genus) of animals, and especially so to children and young persons, that we think the readers of Merry's Museum will like to hear more about them.

They have often, I have no doubt, been delighted at seeing their gambols, and their activity in leaping from tree to tree, and especially in seeing them eat nuts, sitting on their hinder legs, or haunches, with their bushy tails turned up over their bodies, and holding the nuts in their fore-paws, and making a hole through the shell with their sharp teeth to extract the kernel. It is very amusing to observe them thus engaged, and very surprising to see how rapidly they will make a hole through the hardest shelled nut. For this purpose, without doubt, it is, that He who made the squirrels, and who is the same glorious Being that created us, has formed their teeth very strong and very sharp.

There is quite a variety of squirrels that inhabit this country, but the most common in New England are the Gray Squirrel, the Red Squirrel, the Ground or Chip Squirrel, and the Flying Squirrel. All these kinds are frequently to be seen in almost every district, though the flying squirrel, on account of his habit of stirring about in the night, and lying still in the day-time, is not so

frequently seen. They are all very beautiful and interesting creatures.

The gray squirrel is the largest of those I have named, and is frequently hunted for food, as his flesh is very palatable. A squirrel-hunt, in the fall, is a very common and very exciting amusement in many places in the country, and, when conducted with as much regard to humanity as practicable, is, perhaps, not only a pleasant, but a harmless and proper recreation. It is very apt, however, to be attended with the wanton slaughter of small birds, and other instances of unnecessary cruelty. In the newly-settled parts of the country, these squirrels are sometimes so numerous, that they make very serious havoc with the corn crop, and, in some cases, almost entirely destroy it. Its ordinary food, however, consists of nuts of various kinds, of which, like the other squirrels, it lays up a large supply for the winter. "This species," says Godman, in his *American Natural History*, "is remarkable among all our squirrels for its beauty and activity. It is, in captivity, remarkably playful and mischievous, and is more frequently kept as a pet than any other." I dare say many of my young readers have seen one or more of them in a rolling cage and, by rapidly running over the bars, making it revolve almost with the speed of a mill-stone. Its general color is gray, as its name indicates, and it has a very large, bushy tail, which sometimes hides almost its whole body.

The red squirrel, or Chickaree, as he is sometimes called in the Middle States, is the next largest of the four, and is a common and beautiful animal,

often seen on the trees by the road-sides. Frequently, you will hear a half barking and half twittering noise, and, looking up, you will see a red squirrel on the limb of a tree, a few feet above you, from which the sound proceeds. It seems to be a complaint for your encroachment on his premises, and a kind of warning to move out of his neighborhood. They frequently come around our dwellings for fruit and various sorts of food. Several of them now reside close by my house, and daily come into my woodshed for butternuts, which my children place there for them, and carry them up into a pear-tree standing by the side of the shed, and then devour them. I caught one of them in a box-trap, and kept him in confinement long enough to make a picture of him, and then set him at liberty, and he returns as freely as ever. Their food and habits generally are similar to those of the gray squirrel, though they are much more familiar, in the wild state, than the other. He is of a reddish brown color,—whence he takes his name,—and he has a dark stripe along his side, separating the red color from the white.

The account of the chip, or ground squirrel, and the flying squirrel, will be given in another number of the Museum.

CONSOLATION IN SEA-SICKNESS.—A lady at sea, full of apprehension in a gale of wind, cried out, among other exclamations, "We shall go to the bottom! mercy on us, how my head swims!" "Madam, never fear," said one of the sailors; "you can never go to the bottom *while your head swims!*"

The Blue Jay.

“**A** BLUE jay,” says Wilson, “which I have kept for some time, and with whom I am on terms of familiarity, is a very notable example of mildness of disposition and sociability of manners. An accident in the woods first put me in possession of this bird, when in full plumage, and in high health and spirits. I carried him home with me, and put him into a cage already occupied by a gold-winged woodpecker, where he was saluted with such rudeness, and received such a drubbing from the lord of the manor, for entering his premises, that, to save his life, I was obliged to take him out again.

“I then put him into another cage, where the only tenant was a female orchard oriole. She also put on airs of alarm, as if she considered herself endangered and insulted by the intrusion. The jay, meanwhile, sat mute and motionless on the bottom of the cage, either dubious of his own situation, or willing to allow time for the fears of his neighbor to subside. Accordingly, in a few minutes, after displaying various threatening gestures, she began to make her approach, but with great circumspection and readiness for retreat.

Seeing the jay, however, begin to pick up some crumbs of broken chestnuts, in a humble and peaceable way, she also descended, and began to do the same; but, at the slightest motion of her new guest, wheeled round and put herself on the defensive. All this ceremonious jealousy vanished before evening, and they now roost together, and feed and play together in perfect harmony and good

humor. When the jay goes to drink, his messmate very impudently jumps into the water to wash herself, throwing the water in showers over her companion, who bears it all patiently, and venturing to take a sip now and then between the splashes, without betraying the smallest token of irritation. On the contrary, he seems to take pleasure in his little fellow-prisoner, allowing her to clean his claws from the minute fragments of chestnuts which happen to adhere to them.”

LINES PLACED OVER A CHIMNEY PIECE.

SURLY Winter, come not here;
Bluster in thy proper sphere:
Howl along the naked plain,
There exert thy joyless reign,
Triumph o'er the withered flower,
The leafless shrub, the ruined bower,
But our cottage come not near;
Other springs inhabit here,
Other sunshine decks our board
Than the niggard skies afford.
Gloomy winter, hence! away!
Love and fancy scorn thy sway;
Love and joy, and friendly mirth
Shall bless this roof, these walls, this hearth,
The rigor of the year control,
And thaw the winter in the soul.

Mrs. Barbauld.

A GERMAN gentleman, in the course of a strict cross-examination on a trial was asked to state the exact age of the defendant.

“Dirty,” (thirty,) was the reply.

“And pray, sir, are you his senior and by how many years?”

“Why, sir, I am dirty-two.”

THE SHOE-BLACK AND HIS DOG.—An English officer of the 44th regiment, who had occasion, when in Paris, to pass one of the bridges across the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously well polished, dirtied by a poodle dog rubbing against them. He, in consequence, went to a man, who was stationed on the bridge, and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well-polished boots, against which he continued to rub himself.

Finding that the shoe-black was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice; and, after a little hesitation, he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick, in order to procure customers for himself. The officer being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price, and took him to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him. He remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterwards, he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade on the bridge in Paris.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.—The following *morceau* was copied from the original notice on board the steamboat William Caldwell, which plies on Lake George. The placard hung directly over the "bocks" containing the "snaick."

A Rattel Snaick too bee Shode.—Thee history off this snaick is as follors, hee was ketcht on tunn mounting buy a

poore man with a large fammely being sick yer ould and very wenumous he is now in a bocks and cant hirt no boddy which is much better than too bee runnin wilde cause hee don't want to eat nothun.

Admittance is sickpents for them what please to pay it, and thrippents for them what dont, a libberall reduckshon for fammeliees for more particklelars please to cawl on OLD DICK.

T. N. Take notiss it was the poor man and not the snaick that had a large fammeley.

PAT-RIOTISM.—W. E. Robinson, Esq., in a speech recently delivered in Baltimore, said that even the ridicule cast upon Irishmen was sometimes the highest praise. Thus, the nickname of *Pat* was a word of the very best signification. No word beginning with *Pat*, in the English language, had a bad meaning. *Patent* is applied to something valuable; *Paternal* means fatherly or kind; *Patriarch*, the father or head of the family; *Patrician*, a nobleman; *Patriot*, a lover of his country; *Patrol*, one who guards the garrison; *Patron*, a protector and guardian; *Pattern*, a thing to be copied.

To our Readers.

WE regret that we are obliged to omit, this week, the continuation of Bill Keeler's story of the Lottery Ticket, as well as some other articles intended for this number.

We must also defer till another number several interesting letters from our correspondents.

The Snow Flakes.

WORDS AND MUSIC WRITTEN FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Slow.

"Gently, gently falls the snow, Lightly, lightly, soft and slow;

Pret-ty crystals, tell me why, Leave thy home in yon - der sky?

f **Staccato.** *p*

"All above is pure and true,
Pretty snow-flakes—just like you.
Then why in heaven take thy birth,
Yet seek a home on this dark earth?"

Thus I spoke, and seem'd to hear
A gentle spirit whisper near—

"Though from heaven the snow-flakes fall,
And mix with earth—the fate of all—

"When their winter task is done,
They'll melt and mingle with the sun;
And, with his beams, in dew-drops rise,
Pure as before, to yonder skies."